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A
LETTER
TO A

Little Doctor, &c.

[Price Six-pence.]

THE DOCTOR

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A
LETTER
TO A
LITTLE DOCTOR
IN
Scavenger Square,

Occasioned by his Curious
DISSERTATION in LATIN
Concerning a
S-rr-v-r-nce overbaked,
Addressed to that
Great DOCTOR, Mr. *Daniel Turner.*

Asinus asinum fricat.

To which is added,
The *Porter* turned *Physician.*
A T A L E.

L O N D O N :

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THE

DOCTOR

OF

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Dear Doctor,

BEFORE I begin my Remarks upon your late wonderful Performance, I shall premise two or three Things by Way of Introduction. I find that since *Myn-
er* * *Boerhave* has obliged the World with a *Descriptio Morbi atrocis nec
rius descripti*; several of his *quon-
am* Disciples have taken it into their heads to *ape* their Master, and think to recommend themselves to the Pub-

* Vide *Turner's* Introd. to his Discourse on
fleets, p. 28.

lick

lick by amusing them with Accounts of rare and unheard of Distempers, before they have made themselves Masters of such as are more common. This Method seems to resemble that of our modern *Empiricks* very much; but with this Difference indeed, that the Relations they give us of their great Skill and superiour Abilities in the Cure of Diseases, are always printed in vulgar *English*, and on a Piece of soft flexible Paper, very proper for the Use that I believe they are commonly put to. Whilst yours are written in *brave* high sounding *Latin*, and printed upon a stiffer Paper, and not so well adapted to the proper Purpose theirs are distributed *gratis*, and yours retailed at the Price of one Tester. Which of the two are of most Use and afford the greater Entertainment I shall not pretend to determine.

Before

Before I acquaint the *English* Reader with the Sum and Substance of your elaborate Work, I shall begin with your Introduction ; and as Flattery must be allowed very necessary in a Dedication, it must likewise be allowed that you equal, if not exceed, all your co-temporary Writers in that particular. What your real Motives were to turn Author so *young*, may be difficult to determine ; however you must not take it ill if the Publick indulge their Surmises and Conjectures upon this occasion. Some think that having been a Dabb while a School-Boy at Themes and Declamations, you had not yet worn off that Vanity and Itch of Praise so natural to forward Youths, and not having parted with your Phrase-Books and other such necessary Helps, you had a Mind to Exercise your Talent once more, and from declaiming

ing upon *Pax Bello potior* and the like, you chose the following extraordinary, and important Subject. Others again, and perhaps with better Reason imagine, that your Patron having talked of quitting Business in a short Time, you had some sinister Views, and thus coaxed the old Gentleman, in hopes that then He would recommend my little Master to succeed him; and if this be the Case, which in truth, looks very likely, who can blame you for your high-strain'd Panegyrick, since no Persons are so open to flatter as those who are almost superannuated. But all this is best known to your dear self; wherefore we'll proceed,

Viro Clarissimo. D. T. M. D. S. P.

When I first read this, I could
not

not conceive with what Propriety *Clarissimus* came in here, but after a little musing, I recollected that your good Friend had been celebrated in the *Grub-street* Journal, and consequently that His Right and Title to this same Epithet are now indisputable. But tho' *Clarissimus* may pass Muster, yet what has *M. D.* to do here, you should have been a little cautious here, my Dear, for in soothing your Patron, you may peradventure sower the whole College; it is doing Him an Honour, they do not care for, and which He does not assume Himself. The best is behind, pray good People give Attention, *Hanc avidissime arripio opportunitatem, quâ demum possim aliquantulum saltem præbere testimonii meæ erga Te reverentiæ.* With the greatest Greediness I grasp this Opportunity, of paying the

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utmost

utmost Tribute of my Devotion at the High Altar of your Perfections. *Ea namque, magna quidem, & numerosa, quæ in me perhumaniter contulisti beneficia, haud majorem vendicant gratitudinem, quàm honorem summa sanè in arte nostrâ, tua exigit peritia.* For those great Favours you have already perhumanely loaded me with, and those numberless others I still expect, demand just as much Gratitude, as your consummate Cunning in our Art exacts Honour. *Quoties enim cunque medica tecum commiscui consilia, tantum animi candorem, tantamque ingenii sagacitatem demonstrâsti, ut utrum magis mirarer dubius semper hæsi.* For as often, Sir, as you and I have clubbed Judgments and Opinions in medical Cases, you demonstrated so much sweetness of Temper, and such a deep discern-
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(11)

ing Genius, that I was always between Hawk and Buzzard which most to admire at. *Es quippe in dignoscenda uniuscujusque morbi natura maximè perspicax; nec in iisdem debellandis minùs profectò felix.* You have such a Hawk's-Eye in diagnosing every Disease in the whole varfal World, and are as stout as *Hercules* himself in the Debellation of them. *Obe jam satis est obe!* It is time now to take a little Breath, and if you never read *Plautus*, I'll shew you your own dear Picture drawn to the Life, as you may find it in the Beginning of His *Miles Gloriosus*; enter *Pyrgopolinices* bouncing, and His Servant *Artotrogus*.

Pyr. Curate ut splendor meo sit clypeo clarior,
Quàm solis radii esse olim, cum sudum'ft, solent.

Sed ubi Artotrogus ? *Ar.* hic est, stat propter vinum
Fortem, atq; fortunatum, & forma regia,
Cum quo Bellator Mars haud ausit dicere,
Neque æquiparare suas virtutes ad tuas.

Pyr. Quemne ego servavi in Campis cuticulin-
doniis,

Ubi Bombomachides --- cluninstaridy --- farchides
Erat imperator, summus Neptuni nepos?

Ar. Memini, nempe illum dicis cum armis aureis,
Quoties tu legiones difflavisti spiritu,
Quasi ventus folia, aut penniculum tectorium.

Pyr. Istuc quidem ædepol nihil est. *Artot.* nihil
hercle hoc quidem,
Præ ut alia dicam, [*aside*] tu quæ nunquam feceris.

Which last Sentence for your sake,
we will charitably supply with a *subin-*
telligitur. But why so much Digression,
why so much *Latin*, say you ? Ha !
commovi hominem, ne irascaris quæso,
videbis quàm tecum agam non inimicè.
I'll tell you then this is in pure Com-
plaissance

plaisance to your Patron, the most perfect Pattern of modern Writing, whose Works are so full of Quaintnesses, and interlac'd and trim'd with *Scraps* of *Latin*, but such *Latin* as a Lad of ten Years old ought to be whipped for. Besides, I would advise you, before ever you foul your Fingers with Ink again, to read *Celsus* and *Quintilian* a little more, that so you may form a better Notion of Style; for tho' by the Help of your School-master you have made no false Concords, yet that is too prætumid and rugged, it sounds too much like *Bombomachides*--*Cluninstaridy*--*Sarchides*, and rattles like an empty Cart over a Wooden Bridge.

Howbeit to let the *English* Reader into the Secret, and make him partaker of our mirth, we'll explain this confounded

founded *Latin* for once ; then enter *Pyrgopolinices* and *Artotrogus*.

Pyr. Take care to have my Buckler outshine the resplendent Sun, when the Heavens are serene ; --- But where's *Artotrogus* ?

Art. Here an't like your Honour, ready to wait upon a Man of the greatest Fortitude and Honour in the Universe, and of the most majestick Air ; then for personal Valour, Lord *Mars* himself dare not pretend to measure Swords with you.

Pyr. You mean him in the spacious *Gurgustidonian* Plains, the mighty Generalissimo, *Bombomachides-Cluninstaridy - Sarchides*, Great *Neptune's* Grand-Child ?

Art. --- The same Sir. Him with the golden Armour, whose whole Army you blew away with a single Puff,
like

like Leaves before the Wind, and Feathers in a Storm.

Pyr. By *Hercules* 'twas nothing.

Art. No, Faith, Sir, nothing at all to what I can relate [*aside*] but the Devil abit of Truth's in't.

To return, *In quâ quidem arte, quam improbo jamdudum labore, summa integritate, nec minori cum laude non parum provexisti, uti perpaucis, (imo sic homo est perpaucorum hominum) si ullis (imo nullorum arbitror) secundus es, ita nihil prius habes, quàm ut eadem adhuc magis magisq; promoveatur.* And you have writ so much in our Art, that I cannot forbear letting the World know, how distinguish'd a Person you are, for your great *Pains-taking* *, Wit, and Learning; and that you infallibly ex-

* See *Turner's Discourse upon Fevers*, p. 141.

cel all other great Men, past, present and to come.

A little more modesty, dear *Doctor*, what think you of our *Harveys*, our *Sydenhams*, our *Freinds* and our *Meads*, cum multis aliis? Between whom and your Patron let me tell you, there is as much difference, as (to use a *French Proverb*) *entre le Bon Dieu & Saint Crépin*.

However, I shall not go about to extenuate or tarnish the Reputation your good Neighbour may have acquired by any of his Writings, and particularly his late learned Altercations and Bickerings with a learned Brother, whether a Child was ever born with a Cherry on his Cheek, or whether he ever brought a Custard or a Cheesecake with him when he came into this World. I would not I say be thought to speak diminutively of him
in

in the least, *non equidem invideo, mirror magis*. But would have you consider whether such pompous Phrases, such outrageous Compliments as make up your Introduction, is not really

Scurrantis speciem præbere, professus amicum.

Having remarked thus far upon your Dedication, 'tis Time now perhaps, *ut manum de his, ex tabula* *.

“ Therefore, Sir, *proceed you*, since a very odd Case has lately happen'd in our Practice, you will not I hope think I have nothing else to do, if I should send you a short Account of it.

A great tunbellied Jade, about eight and forty, in the Beginning of *November* last elapsed, † was seized with a damnable Pain in the Guts, occasioned by putting no Pepper into her Cabbage, which nor frequent Whiffs

* See *Turner's Discourse upon Fevers*, p. 95.
† Pag. 2.

of *Indian Weed*, nor repeated Cogues of *Holland's* purest *Nectar*, no nor even *Poppy-water* it self were able to assuage. After she had lain in this miserable dis-cruciating Pickle for a Week, your humble Servant was sent for. I found her with a very acute Pain just in the Middle of her Belly, about as broad as a Pin's Point ; she cast up her Accounts, tumbled about, and groaned most lamentationly ; she took many Purges, and had many Stools, yet the Devil abit would this cursed Pain abate, neither could she catch the least Wink of Sleep for six whole Days together.

Weening from all these Symptoms, * that this must certainly be the Cholic, I ordered Pepper-Poffet, Mint-water, Ale and Gin, and by repeating

* Page 3.

these every six Hours, she slept at Night as found as the Dead. Moreover she was so much solaced by the Ale and Gin, that in three Days Time she not only left her Bed, but her Chamber, and had no Complaint left but of her Belly. Her Tripe being grown a little Tender.

But behold the Uncertainty of all humane Affairs, hardly eight Days had run off, when another new Disease, furrounded with new Symptoms, acceded *. Dire dis-cruciating Pains most barbarously tormented this miserable Creature, which were produced from the Middle of the Chine to the Huckle-Bone, she vomited and belched immoderately, but pissed little, yet as red as Blood, and as clear as Sack.

* Pag. 3.

Well, now thought I, this is some Gravel coacervated in the Kidnies, * which Nature was endeavouring to shovel out of Doors. Wherefore I *gave* her the most emollient Glyster I could think of ; in the mean Time the Pharmacopole mixed her up some sweet Oil and Sugar, and in Truth we did all we could, yet were forced to jog on the same Pace †. Till some Days after, a Weight fell upon the Ureters, now thought I, as sure as a Gun, here is some Stone, as you certainly would have done had you been in my Place.

About fourteen Days being elapsed § from this last Attack, feeling a confounded Pain and Weight in the middle of the Arse-Gut, she run in great haste to the Close-stool, yet with

* Pag. 4. † Pag. 5. § *ibid.*

all her straining could she not extrude any Excrement as big as a Pill. The Pain increasing every Moment incredibly, she again endeavoured with all her Might to exonerate; but in vain.-- Now, Sirs, for the most florid, most poetical Piece of *Latin* ever penn'd upon such a Subject. *Gelido igitur undique diffluens sudore, sola, languida, lacrymabunda, anhelans, gemens, exclamans, resolutis tandem viribus parum abfuit quin in Animi deliquium caderet: Delapso autem paulo inferius pondere, ipsa indicem cum Pollice digitum. per Sphincterem in Anum protrusit; ibidemque duri quidam Corporis præsentiens, prehendit, paululum diduxit, rursusq; magnâ vi sedem deponere conata, CALCULUM cum Fæcibus prægrandem extrusit; sequebantur pauci coagulati cruoris grumi; Dolores illico evanuerunt;*



& *quam uno momento jure miserrimam, altero felicissimam omnium dixisses* *. This is something so very high flown, that you'll forgive me if I should not be able to equal it in the translation; however we'll attempt it as well as we can. Being therefore in a profuse gelid Sweat, sole, languid, lacrymabund, panting, groaning, squawling, and her strength quite spent she was now within an ace of swooning: The Weight falling a little lower she protruded her fore Finger and Thumb through the *Sphincter* into the *Anus*, and there feeling something hard, she took hold of it, brought it down a little, and exerting again all her Might, she voided an oversized T---d baked as hard as a Brick-bat; her Pains immediately

* Pag. 6.

vanished, and from execrating her dire miserable Fate one Moment, in the very next she fancied herself in Heaven.

Thus, Dear Sir, have you a short but faithful History of this Case; there is indeed such a one in *Tulpius*, but then that *Dutchman* delivers it so concisely and dully without the least flourish or poetical Ornament, that he neither answers the Dignity of the Subject, neither does his whole Narration extend beyond five scanty Lines. In this Case of ours I really thought there was something worth observing, wherefore I have given you the whole History very circumstantially, and have likewise made you a Present of a *couple* of Stones * which I hope you'll do me the Favour to accept of. How-

* See the Figure at the End of the Book.

ever Sir, I am not so pretumid and as flatulent to brag of having done any great Feats therein. The greatest modesty certainly becomes me, as having but a poor Pittance of Parts and Intellectuals: Yet I can't help believing, that what I did, though I was entirely mistaken in the Distemper, you yourself would have done in the same Case."

Thus, Dear Doctor, have we run over the most material Parts of your Book, *viz.* your Dedication and all the whole Case as you have most minutely related it. The rest of your Book is employ'd to tell us what every Body knew before, and to make an ostentatious Shew of your profound reading. Excuse the freedom

I have here taken with you, and believe it to proceed from my great regard to your growing Genius, and my cordial Wishes, that when your Patron shall rest from his Labour, you may share the Reversion of his Understanding, and become the *Nonpareil* of the Age.

I am, &c.

ERRATA.

Page. 12. l. 14. for *quoties* read *quouis*.

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THE
P O R T E R

T U R N ' D
P H Y S I C I A N .

THE Fable tells there liv'd a Man
In Times of Yore; no matter
when.

A little dapper prating Fellow
Who had no Brains, but what were
shallow.

He was a *Porter* by his Trade,
But this could not suffice our Blade,
(Whose Name, if I judge right was *Jack*)
For he must needs commence a *Quack*:
Therefore our Spark to College went,
And as he came, him back they sent;
Full

Full of Impertinence and Folly
 ADunce and-- what else? *Crista Galli**.
 With strut the little *Porter* came
 To Town brim full of his own Fame:
 He thought all Bus'ness to encroach
 And like the Rest to keep his Coach:
 He knew to handle well the Quill
 For he cou'd either cure, or ---kill.
 When e'er he came to Patient's Bed,
 If *Porter* ever Patient had
 He always us'd to shake his Head;
 And say, oh! Sir you need not fear,
 You will do well; your Ailing's clear,
 I had just such a one last -- year.
 To Learning then did *Jack* aspire,
 And with Cant-Phrase his Patients tire;
 Here on the left Side lies the Heart,
 The Brain Sir too's a Noble Part;
 Of Lungs he'd talk and Inflammations,
 Of Meferaics, Dislocations,

* Look in the Play of *Ignoramus* where he calls
 a Coxcomb *Crista Galli*.

Of *Vena Porta*, *Cholidochus*,
 Of *Presto jingo*, *Hocus pocus*:
 So would he give to sick Men Lectures
 Instead of Cordials and Confectures.
 But stay before we farther go
 Dear Gentlemen, I'd have you know,
 His Patron was a *Turner* once
 Who too like him turn'd *Doctor* Dunce.
 He must forsooth send him a Story
 (Neither against a *Whig* or *Tory*)
Morbi infrequentis enarrans
 Which was sold but for a Sixpence.
 And then begins his charming *Latin*
 Rugged and rough, not soft as Sattin.
 The Opportunity I'll snatch
 As lurking Cats the Mice do catch,
 You truly learned Sir to show
 That I'm a Friend and not a Foe.
 Numberless Favours you have done me
 Which you to love, must sure have won
 me:

As oft as I consult with you
 Such Goodness and such Wit you shew,
 That

That at your Skill I stand amaz'd
 And ever on your Learning gaze.
 All Sicknesses with *Lynceus* Eye
 You learned Doctor can espy,
 And cure where'er, you Drugs apply.
 Now Brother *Fillgrave* if you please
 Read but th' History of this Disease;
 Which I do to thee Dedicate;
 Harken I will the Tale relate
 About a She, old Forty Eight.
 Who with damn'd Pains of Guts was
 seiz'd,

Nor cou'd by Remedies be eas'd.
 This a Week did not torment her
 Before your Servant Sir, was sent for,
 I came, and found the Woman had
 A Swelling in her Belly sad;
 She Vomited and had no rest,
 Fainted, and Sighs heav'd up her Breast:
 She did not sleep for fix whole Days,
 She languishes, her strength Decays.
 Eight Suns scarce past, but she again
 Of a fresh Ailment did complain.

Which

Which from the Back t'*Os sacrum* went
 And through the Body Anguish sent.
 She Vomits often and Retraction
 Stopt with Numbness the Knees Action;
 Frequent Belchings ; and Red Urine
 She sent forth both clear, and sparing:
 Likewise of great and heavy Pains
 Round the Kidneys she complains.
 Now I found that near the Navel
 Was co-gathered the Gravel ;
 To drink I gave her nought but Oil,
 Which eas'd her for a little--while,
 For on the fourteenth Day i'gad
 The very same Disease she had.
 She then, then try'd with all Force
 To obey Madam Nature's Course,
 Therefore wou'd often sit on Pot
 To do her Needs, but still could not.
 Cold Sweats came trickling down her
 Cheek,
 She cry'd, and swoon'd, and oft did
 squeak :

Since

Sincethen the Wretch cou'd void no stool
 She put her Finger in A--se-hole:
 The Woman joyful at me star'd,
 And cried she felt a Substance hard;
 Then spoke no more; but let a thun-
 dring Fart,
 And two large Stones came squirting
 from the Part.

No sooner I this Story read,
 But *Rochester* came in my Head.
 Who from the Court did slyly steal,
 And gild a T--d as Doctor's Pill:
 And standing 'midst the gaping Mob
 Whom he with Pranks did often fob,
 Said He whoever takes this Pill,
 Tells not a Lie, nor ever will.
 It is but Sixpence, come, who bu
 This my *Koprian* gilded Prize
 A Fellow wanting common S
 Took it, and gave the Earl
 He chew'd; and sudden b
 Lord !

This, Sir, is nothing but :
 Sirs said the Earl, true is

L O N D O N:

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